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Those of you who noticed the ad in VILTIS on authentic costume designs and stitching, will probably not be interested any further in the background of Dorothy Godfrey beyond your personal questioning of "How authentic? How expensive is her work?". But Dorothy's story is that of a loving mother, a compassionate person and a brave woman. She was a mother to a great number of boys in the service.

Dorothy Godfrey, a petit little lady, with ever friendly and beaming eyes of warmth, the wife of Brig. Gen. Stuart Godfrey, who was known as the "father of aviation engineering". Gen. Stuart Godfrey with four others was killed in an airplane crash near Spokane, Wash. during October 1945. He was posthumously awarded the Distinguished Service Medal. Being an accomplished musician and a Berlin student of the distinguished musician Josef Lhevinne and a graduate from the New York Musical Arts Institute, music was close to her heart. She felt that there certainly must be many boys in uniform who likewise share her love for music but were unable to procure it. Thus, while still in Washington, D.C. (as the wife of a Brig. General), she decided to provide "Music for The Boys." She interested other ladies and music clubs with the idea. Concerts for the boys were given. Pianos sheet music, victrolas, records and other musical items were provided wherever possible, or requested, and groups formed among the service boys. Her morale lifting activity was so inspiring that an article about Dorothy Godfrey, praising her deeds, was inserted in the Congressional Records of the 78th Congress. It is beautifully written. It is a wonderful compliment for a wonderful little lady—a motherly mother to many.

Since the tragic death of her husband, Dorothy occupies herself by conducting a shop where folk costumes of various European countries are made. She has native women who are familiar with authentic designs to embroider, or reproduce as faithfully as possible. The creation of beautiful costumes is one of her present great joys.

## Comments & letters

That Jewish issue of VILTIS was wonderful. The subject was most interesting and informative. Vytis, we've come to the conclusion that there are really very few folk dancers, that is, people who are genuinely interested in nationality backgrounds and the rich treasure of folklore of the human race. You are not only a true folk dancer but the tops.

Your (Basque) friends  
Mary and Rafael Spring  
Fresno, Calif.

Out of 12 different types of publications I subscribe to, VILTIS is my favorite.

Mary Poprac Culver City, Calif.

It is so wonderful to be receiving VILTIS. I usually drop everything and read it from cover to cover just as soon as it arrives. You always have things in it one could get no place without a lot of research, which, in my case, at least, would never get done—so I appreciate all your work that much more.

Ada Harris San Francisco, Calif.

The article by Arthur Katona meant so much to us. Keeping dancing where it belongs, with the people, is the greatest and best task instructors should be dedicated to.

Johnny Johnson  
Marseilles, Ill.

Your articles on the Jewish people have been read by all of our friends, and all of us agreed that: "only one V. F. Beliajus possesses the outstanding talent and the warm heart which takes to understand our fellowmen."

Ruth Rosenbaum Spivak, Colo.

### EVENING SONG APPEALS

I have read "The EVENING SONG," and indeed, only Vytis Beliajus could have translated it that well. I have often tried to picture how Lithuanian would sound in English, and now I see that you have successfully performed a masterful job. Bravo! A true picture describing the Lithuanians is successfully done only by Beliajus. Good fortune to you, our "troubador" (Kanklinike). You are the bard (vaidilis) of this age.

Teodoras Chamskas  
Berkeley, Calif.

### "THE EVENING SONG?"

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## As For Myself - TO TRAINS

### A QUICK TRIP TO THE MID-WEST

St. Louis, Chicago, JC RS

I've let myself be talked into a trip I did not plan to make, to attend the National Folk Festival in St. Louis. In order to do that I gave up plans here, cancelled the intended VILTIS celebration and went East. Through an ad in the paper I was able to make the ride in a car, driven by Ralph Lewis, a Southerner and by profession a stunt driver for the Worldwide Daredevils. Thus we rode in style in a convertible Buick. We left the day before Easter but we didn't cover much ground. Upon reaching Holtville for a brief visit with the Manleys we "ran into" a wedding, Mona Manley, the beautiful daughter, was getting married that evening and we were prevailed upon to remain for the joyous festivities. Meanwhile we got to see, unexpectedly, many other friends of the Imperial Valley.

The following morning we took the mountainless route—Yuma, Tucson, Las Cruces, Alamogordo, Tucumcari, via 54 to Jefferson City, Mo., into St. Louis. As expected it rained in St. Louis. On the Eastern side of the Continental Divide it was still early spring. The earth was brown and the trees nude of leaves. On the Western side even the barren desert sent forth patches of purple and magenta blossoms, while the Ocotillo cactus had all its branch tips red with blossom and appeared like spread fingers with brilliantly polished fingernails.

For me the festivals at St. Louis are happy reunions with friends of many years whom I get to see only at those National festivals. I've been attending them fairly regularly with very few absences for some dozen years now. And as usual, I enjoyed this festival, too. I got to see Nelda, Dick Crum, Dr. and Mrs. Lyman and countless others, as well as meeting new people. We also had a happy reunion with my two ex-sailor, VILTIS dancers, Roy Hinton and Wayne Kelly, who live near St. Louis.

After four days in St. Louis we headed for Chicago which city, after a muggy hot day, we took by storm. Winds blew uprooting trees and unroofing houses. I missed San Diego.

The visit in Chicago was brief and hectic. The distances are great and seeing friends was hardly possible unless they came to the classes where I taught. Many did come and many didn't. It's rough.

By coincidence, the JC RS auxiliaries were having their annual conclave in Chicago at the Sherman Hotel and I attended several of their meetings during the day. These women are truly angels of life. Their free time is spent figuring ways and means of how to raise funds to keep a hospital, with a tremendous expense, going. Their concern is to provide comfort and cure to countless people who are total strangers to them. This is charitability of the highest degree, divinely inspired. God will surely bless them with His gifts of good health and happiness. JC RS in Spivak (near Denver), Colorado, is a hospital for TB, Cancer and other respiratory ailments which provides treatment gratis regardless of race or background. I, and countless others, have regained our health in that wonderful place. I am always awed at the devotion to a human cause and the love these auxiliary women contain.

After a cold week in Chicago we rushed back home, Southern route, natch. My brother Kazy, with whom I stayed while in Chicago, took a brief "whirlwind" trip back to San Diego with us, to stay for but barely two days and return. We covered the 2500 miles in three days

TO WIVES AND MOTHERS ON MOTHER'S DAY



(and we slept nights!). My friends were warning me not to travel with stunt drivers whose business is to speed, have head-on collisions and turn overs for pay. But I must admit, he was a careful driver, tho often he did exceed (when I wasn't looking) normal speed. But since I'm in the habit of commanding my life in God's hands for Him to do as He sees fit I let matters rest right there.

Western Oklahoma and Texas were having their wind storms. How people can survive in those parts is truly a wonder. Silicosis should be common among them. It was a pity. If but the Texans were in the habit of planting trees as wind breakers, or even kudzu vines, a low lying Japanese vine which does wonders with erosion areas, much of this trouble could eliminate. But I think they are more interested in trying to get all they can out of mother earth, than put anything into it. The land is denuded. Often times not even the homestead has a tree.

Imperial valley was lush with vegetation. Carrots were being carted by the truckful. Upon leaving Imperial Valley the mountains begin, composed of stones thrown together into grotesque shapes and tremendous heights, as if in order to clear Imperial Valley the people gathered all the rocks and carried them piling high and creating mountains— (this is supposed to be funny).

No sooner returned I started working on VILTIS. I was a week late on it and I wasn't even able to be a good host to Kazy. Fortunately, Ralph Lewis took off that burden and Kazy's brief stay was, I hope, a happy one.

Ahead of me I have once again a crowded summer of engagements and trips. They'll begin in June and I'll be back in October. However, send your mail to my San Diego address, they'll be forwarded. Meanwhile, may you all have a most enjoyable summer of happy vacations, happy dancing and loads of fun.